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HEADQUARTERS FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

We have secured room 135, Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, for the headquarters of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE during the National Encampment. This is directly across the hall from the National Headquarters of the G. A. R., W. R. C., and Ladies of the G. A. R., and all comrades are invited to make use of it. They can make appointments to meet their friends there, direct their mail to be sent there, and otherwise make it their convenience. We shall be glad to meet there all the readers of the paper.

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND IRISHMEN.

We shall begin the publication next week of a narrative of three years' service with the Army of the Potomac that will prove of surpassing interest. It is the story of the every day life in camp, march and battle of one of the gallant "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments," told by one of its Captains, as jolly an Irishman as ever cracked a joke or faced an enemy.

In the narrative we shall follow them from home to Washington and on to the South to their baptism of fire and blood at Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and other fields where the gallant Fifth Corps made its name immortal in the annals of the Union.

The regiment was officially known as the 9th Mass., and called in the Army of the Potomac "The Irish Ninth."

Its history sheds luster on its race and the gallant army of which it formed a part.

\$5,000,000 "SAVED."

Commissioner Evans gives out that he will be able to turn back into the Treasury about \$5,000,000 of last year's appropriations for pensions. In an interview with the press he says:

"I had no knowledge until a very short time ago that there would be a surplus in my Bureau this year. The clerks in my Bureau adjudicate the cases as promptly as they can, and no one ever asks whether there is enough money in the appropriation bill to cover all the pensions issued, whether there will be a surplus. When I appeared before the Appropriations Committee and asked for \$140,000,000, Chairman Cannon asked me if I thought that sum would suffice. I told him I did not know, and that I regarded the pension appropriation as a matter of credit. If the pensions passed by my Department during the year exceeded the sum given me by Congress, the deficiency would have to be made good next year. If I did not use up the entire appropriation, I would turn it back into the Treasury. The amount of money at my disposal cut no figure in the work of my Bureau, and every man who was entitled to a pension during the past year has received it. It seems that I have five millions left this year. Next year I may be five millions short."

And he actually pretends that he expects the public to believe such stuff as this.

He knew precisely as well how much money he was going to return to the Treasury when he asked for the appropriation last year as he does today. He knew that he was going to follow the practice he has followed ever since he came into office: of keeping careful tab on the graveyards, and allowing no man or woman on the roll until one has died and made a place for him or her. This is known to every clerk in the Pension Bureau, every man who does business with the Bureau, every one who has the slightest knowledge of its operations. Every week's total allowance is compared with the death-roll, and the word passed around to increase or decrease. A month ago the total of original allowances for the year had reached about \$5,000,000, which was less than the sum total of the deaths up to that time, and the word was passed to be more liberal. The result was that the original allowances suddenly jumped up from an average of 914 for the weeks of May to the following for June:

Week ended June 1.....	777
Week ended June 8.....	1,021
Week ended June 15.....	1,251
Week ended June 22.....	1,281
Week ended June 29.....	1,594

This showed what the Pension Bureau could do in the way of allowances when it wanted to. Such real work as that of the last week was speedily cleared the docket of the long-held-up claims. It is no trouble whatever for the Bureau to find 1,594 completed claims to allow in a week, out of the accumulated mass of years, whenever it is inclined to. It could allow double that number quite as readily. That "every man has been allowed his pension who was entitled to it," is a brazen statement, contradicted by indisputable evidence from every community in the country.

A particularly irritating part of all this is that when Mr. Evans asked for his appropriation all the soldier-hating pension jumpers on the "immensity of the pension expenditures," and the veterans suffered in consequence. This was his first object. Then he could turn around at the end of the year and sing psalms through the papers as to how his utterly unheard-of honesty and shrewdness had saved \$5,000,000 of this to the Treasury.

This is the way the veterans are mocked and reduced in their later days, that one man may blow his own horn, and make himself great in the eyes of the people.

THE SICKLES-EVANS CONTROVERSY.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles is entitled to and is receiving the warmest thanks from the veterans all over the country for the splendid, manly fight that he has made in regard to Commissioner Evans.

In spite of all that the soldier-hating papers, and those which are over-quick to rush in the direction that official favor shall point, may say, the controversy has been of great benefit to the cause of the veterans.

Even Evans can no longer pretend that the opposition to him is confined to the "pension sharks." The President and the public now see beyond a doubt that every veteran, and every friend of the veterans throughout the country is profoundly dissatisfied with Mr. Evans, and desires his removal. They have never been so unanimous and so outspoken on any one thing before.

This was so manifestly the case that last fall the Republican National Committee, speaking for the President, definitely promised that Mr. Evans should not be re-appointed. It matters little in just what terms that promise was made. It is entirely sufficient that the National Committee was satisfied that Mr. Evans and his administration was distinctly offensive to the great body of veterans and their friends. Since then the feeling has increased, rather than decreased, as is conclusively shown by the severe resolutions unanimously adopted by such great Departments as those of New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, and others, each representing tens of thousands of veterans, widows and relatives.

If it serves no other good purpose this agitation will serve to arouse the public mind to inquire as to whether all this with which Evans has been filling the papers for years is true, and whether there must not be some real cause for complaint where such large bodies of respectable citizens, who have heretofore been in the foremost ranks of loyalty, unite solidly in such stinging denunciation.

In the face of this Mr. Evans can hardly maintain his prate about his own unprejudiced honesty, and the vicious motives of everybody who criticizes him. The people of the country know too well the men who compose the G. A. R. to believe for an instant. They will reason, in spite of Mr. Evans's clamor, that where men of such undoubted sincerity and conviction speak so, there must be something radically wrong. To say the least, the men of the Grand Army are of quite as high standing in their several communities as Mr. Evans is in his, and when they make accusations the strong presumption must be that the accused is wrong.

The matter therefore settles right down to this: Gen. Sickles has voiced the sentiment of the entire Grand Army of the Republic that Commissioner Evans is distinctly offensive, and that his retention in his present place is repugnant to them. In this the whole body of veterans and their friends cordially concur, without a dissenting voice being raised anywhere.

It now remains for the President and the public to decide whether this man shall be retained in the face of this unanimous expression.

The Grand Army of the Republic has done everything possible for years to avert it. By every means in its power it has sought to obtain such an amelioration of conditions as would render such outspokenness unnecessary. The fight was not of its seeking, but forced upon it, and consequently it will have to do, as it always has done, make the best fight it can. It has absolutely nothing to blame itself for.

It has shown remarkable self-control under years of intense aggressions.

OPENING THE INDIAN LANDS.

The President's proclamation, embodying the plan finally decided upon by the Interior Department for opening the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache lands to settlement, embodies several of the amendments suggested to the original plan, and promises to work at least far more satisfactorily than any previous opening.

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It has shown remarkable self-control under years of intense aggressions. When the applicant passes the registration a card will be made out, completely identifying him, and bearing his signature, which will be sealed up in an envelope, with any distinguishing mark, and remaining July 29 these envelopes will be drawn out by an impartial jury committee, and each card given a number in the order in which it comes out. This order determines that of choice in the lands. The lucky ones will have their selections confirmed at the rate of 125 a day, beginning with No. 1 at 9 a. m., Tuesday, Aug. 6.

Honorably-discharged soldiers and sailors only can make application by an agent, but the agent can appear for but one applicant.

While there will be necessarily a great number of disappointed applicants, this method of procedure will greatly reduce the number, and will prevent the riot, swindling and litigation that have characterized previous openings.

GEN. JO WHEELER is now being feted by the aristocrats at Newport, R. I. It will be remembered that, for a few weeks service in the Spanish War, Gen. Wheeler was now receiving the pension of a Brigadier-General on the retired list—\$12,500 a year. Yet how these exclusives foam at the mouth at the idea of a private, who served his country for an average of two years, being entitled to \$150 a week to keep his poor old soul and body together.

In spite of the "vicious libeling of American goods in Germany," we managed to increase our exports to that country \$1,000,000 last year, and they are now near the \$100,000,000 mark.

PICKETT OR PETTIGREW—THE NORTH CAROLINA VIEW OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE.

The North Carolina troops at Gettysburg have always felt particularly sore over Pickett and his Virginians' non-combatant credit for the famous charge. They insist that it was mostly a North Carolina affair, and not an exclusively Virginia matter, as the Virginians would make out. A pamphlet setting forth the North Carolina view has been written by Capt. W. R. Bond, of Scotland Neck, N. C., and is now in the hands of the publisher in the South. By the author's permission we shall publish some extracts from it in an early issue of The National Tribune.

A Slog and Shorty

On the March to the Sea

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Rations Got Down to the Low Diet Point. Successful Skirmish for a Rice Plantation. Difficulties of a New Kind of Food.

There was no longer any doubt as to the objective of the army, for it was approaching the principal city in Georgia, the seaport of Savannah. Occasional prisoners, picked up from McLean's command, told of a great force being collected there to oppose them; of powerful fortifications, heavy guns, and of a rice-field, which they could not pass.

More apprehension was felt on account of food, which was running lower every day. We'll there was almost nothing in the country. Rations were being cut down until Si and Shorty began to fear a return of Chattanooga conditions.

Though Si and his squad found food for them, Si and his squad retained their horses, and were kept at the front, scouting, and looking for prisoners who might be trying to escape from Savannah.

One day, when Si and his squad were feeling the grip of hunger sorely, they came out of the open pines, upon cultivated fields, lying near the Savannah River.

"Queerest-looking farm I ever saw," said Si, studying the landscape. "Seems to be all meadow, with banks of earth for fences, and ditches running between. Rises lots of water, and has better stacks standing around the house."

His further reflections were cut short by a series of shots coming from behind the stacks.

"A handful of rebel cavalry over there, after foggy," he remarked, dismounting, and following behind a tree, which example was followed by the rest. "Guess we need that hay for ourselves, and had better drive 'em away. Queer looking hay, though. Yaller as straw. Must be straw—it's bound up in sheaves. But they ain't raising no hay here, is they?"

Can this be that rice we're hearing so much about? Never thought about how rice grew before. Thought probably it grew like seeds in a gourd. Anyway, there's some kind of crop there that the fellows want, and if they want it, we need it, and we must drive 'em away. Take good care, boys. Don't any of you get hit. We'll work up a plan he had been meddler and get over there to the house."

Before them lay a number of rice fields, of about five or six acres each, separated from one another by banks two or three feet high, and ditches. The level surface was covered with a high, yellow stubble, and fringes of brush grew along the banks.

One hundred yards from the house, and running from the Savannah River, ran a larger ditch, about six or seven feet wide, and having orange trees growing along its banks. The level surface was covered with a high, yellow stubble, and fringes of brush grew along the banks.

Putting himself in the center, Shorty on the extreme right, and Harry Joslyn on the left, Si deployed his squad into a long line, and began a cautious advance.

Leaving the large pine behind, which he was taking observation, he ran down the slope, and gained the cover of the nearest bank, though a rebel, stepping out from behind one of the stacks, took a long shot at him.

He lay there a minute to recover his breath and his steadiness of hand, and watched the rebel reload his gun, cap it, and then he saw the rebel's head and shoulders, gaze warily out for his foe. Si took careful aim across the bank, and fired. His bullet knocked out a bunch of straw into the air, and he heard the rebel's aim, and sending his old gun's getting to carry to the left again," he commented, as he turned over to load. "Seeds cleaning a Must 've been a rebel's head and shoulders, gaze warily out for his foe. Si took careful aim across the bank, and fired. His bullet knocked out a bunch of straw into the air, and he heard the rebel's aim, and sending his old gun's getting to carry to the left again," he commented, as he turned over to load. "Seeds cleaning a Must 've been a rebel's head and shoulders, gaze warily out for his foe. Si took careful aim across the bank, and fired. 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